1347. m. 60.

A N

EPISTLE

FROM THE

Elector of Bavaria

TO THE

FRENCH KING.

BRITISH MUSEUM
17 31
FEB

AN

EPISTLE

FROM THE

Maximilian Emanuel,

Elector of Bavaria

TO THE

FRENCH KING:

AFTER THE

BATTEL of *RAMILLIES.*

Triſte petis munus: quis enim ſua prælia victus
Commemorare velit? referam tamen ordine, nec tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendiſſe decorum;
Magnaque dat nobis Tantus ſolatia VICTOR.

Ovid Metam. Lib. 9.

LONDON:

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BRITISH MUSEUM
17 31
FEB

To the Right Honourable

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq;

LORD KEEPER OF THE GREAT-SEAL OF ENGLAND.

MY LORD,

NONE of the Profession, over which Your Lordship presides, ought to appear in Verse, without asking Pardon of Your Lordship for the Transgression. *Ovid*, whose Manner of Writing

ting I have Endeavour'd to Imitate, was Cenſur'd by ſome of his Friends for leaving the Study of the Laws for that of Poetry; but I hope the Subject of the following Poem, and the Example of Your Lordſhip, as well as of the Greateſt Men of this preſent Age, who have Condeſcended to be Admir'd for theſe Sort of Productions, will ſufficiently Defend me from any Reproaches of this Kind. The moſt Eminent for their Application to Buſineſs have ſometimes employ'd their Vacant Hours in theſe Diverſions: And thoſe who have the Honour to Attend Your Lordſhip's Court will find Leiſure enough to Exerciſe themſelves in Poetry, if Your Lordſhip Continues to Determine Cauſes with the ſame Expedition with which You have hitherto proceeded.

Our General has not Signaliz'd himſelf more in the Field, than Your Lordſhip has done in the Courts of Juſtice. The Injur'd and the Oppreſs'd have been remarkably

remarkably Reliev'd in both Places; and if in the One Towns have been Taken in a few Days that have been thought Impregnable, in the Other Controverfies have been Decided in a few Hours that have formerly been look'd upon as the Work of Ages.

But the Publick Adminiſtration of Juſtice, and thoſe Extraordinary Qualifications, with which Your Lordſhip ſo Eminently Adorns Your High Station, are every where Admir'd and Celebrated. Before a Performance of this Nature, it might be more proper to take Notice of the great Inſight Your Lordſhip is allow'd to have in all the Politer Parts of Learning. As in other Reſpects Your Lordſhip falls ſhort of none of Your Predeceſſors, ſo in this You ſhall be Deſervedly Nam'd with Sir *Thomas More*, my Lord *Verulam*, and what is a far greater Honour, my Lord *Sommers*. This Particular Accompliſhment of Your Lordſhip, would Diſcourage me from Offering

ing You this Trifle, if I were not leſs Ambitious of gaining Your Applauſe, than of ſhewing my ſelf,

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Dutiful, and

Moſt Obedient

Humble Servant.

AN

AN EPISTLE

FROM THE

Elector of Bavaria

TO THE

FRENCH KING.

IF yet, Great SIR, your Heart can Comfort know,
And the Returning Sighs leſs frequent flow;
If yet your Ear can ſuffer *ANNA*'s Fame,
And bear, without a Start, Her MARLBRÔ's Name;
If all the Slain o'er wide *Ramillia* ſpread,
Are yet forgot, and in your Fancy dead.

Attend, and be your ſelf, while I recite
(Oh! that I only can of Loſſes write!)
To what a mighty Sum our Ills amount,
And give a faithful, tho' a ſad, Account.

Let not *Bavaria* be Condemn'd unheard,
Nor, 'till Examin'd, have his Conduct clear'd;
Charge not on me alone that Fatal Day,
Your own Commanders bore too great a Sway.
Think! Sir, with Pity think! what I have loſt,
My Native Realms and my Paternal Coaſt,
All that a firm Confed'rate could beſtow,
Ev'n Faith and Fame, if you believe the Foe.
Think! what a heavy load o'erwhelms my Breaſt,
With its own Sorrows and with yours Oppreſt;
After one Battel loſt, and Country gone,
Vanquiſh'd again, alas! and twice undone.

Oh! where ſhall I begin? what Language find
To heal the raging Anguiſh of your Mind?
Or if you deign a willing Ear to lend,
Oh! where will my diſaſtrous Story end?

Conqueſt I often promis'd, I confeſs,
And who from ſuch a Pow'r could promiſe leſs?
There *Gallia*'s Force, and here *Bavaria*'s ſhines,
Th'experienc'd Houſhold fills our crouded Lines;
Already had our tow'ring Thoughts o'erthrown
The *Belgian* Hoſt, while we ſurvey'd our own,
Deſtroy'd their Provinces with Sword and Flame,
Let in their Seas, and ſack'd their *Amſterdam*;
Already had we ſhar'd the fancy'd Spoil,
(Imaginary Trophies crown'd our Toil)
Batavian Standards to this Temple gave,
In that the *Britiſh* Croſſes doom'd to wave,
A Rural Seat aſſign'd each Captive Chief,
In flow'ry Gardens to aſſwage his Grief,
And by his Arts, and firſt Eſcape prepar'd,
On MARLBRÔ had beſtow'd a double Guard.

Paris impatient for the conquer'd Foe,
Haſten'd the tuneful Hymn and ſolemn Show;
Triumphal Chariots for the Victor ſtay'd,
And finiſh'd Arches caſt a pompous Shade;
With niceſt Art the Bards had dreſs'd their Lays,
Of nothing fearful but to reach our Praiſe;

But all our Hopes and Expectation croſt,
What Lines have We? what Fame has *Boileau* loſt?

Your Army now, fixt on its high Deſigns,
Ruſh forth like vernal Swarms, and quit their Lines;
Eager the *Dyle* they paſs to ſeek the Fight,
Judoina's Fields with ſudden Tents are white,
The Foe deſcends, like Torrents from the Hills,
And all the neighb'ring Vale tumultuous fills:
Preluding Cannons tell th'approaching Storm,
And working Armies take a dreadful Form.

Soon your victorious Arms, and ſtronger Force,
Tore all the Left, and broke the *Belgian* Horſe;
Their ſcatter'd Troops are rally'd to the Fight,
But only rally'd for a Second Flight:
As when high Heav'n on ſome aſpiring Wood,
Which in cloſe Ranks, and thickeſt Order ſtood,
Pours its collected Stores of Vengeance down,
Cedars are ſeen with Firs and Oaks o'erthrown,
Long Ravages and Intervals of Waſte!
So gor'd their Lines appear'd, and ſo defac'd.

The Third Attack had ended all the War,
Sunk their whole Force, and ſav'd your future Care,
Had MARLBRÔ, only MARLBRÔ, not been there.

As ſome good Genius flies, to ſave the Realms
Which, in his Abſence born, a Plague o'erwhelms,
Through op'ning Squadrons did the Hero haſte,
And rais'd their drooping Courage as he paſt.

Amidſt the routed *Belgians* he arriv'd,
Turn'd the Purſuit, the fainting Fight reviv'd,
Supply'd each Rank, fill'd ev'ry vacant Space,
And brought the Battel to its former Face.

With trembling Hearts we ſee our Fate decreed;
Where MARLBRÔ fights how can a Foe ſucceed?
To reach his Life our boldeſt Warriors ſtrive,
On him the Storm with all its Thunder drive;
He ſtems the War, and half encompaſs'd round
Still clears his Way, and ſtill maintains his Ground:
Amaz'd I ſaw him in ſuch Dangers live,
And envy'd him the Death I wiſh'd to give.

But how our riſing Pleaſure ſhall I tell?
The thund'ring Steed, and the great Rider, fell:
We thank'd kind Heav'n, and hop'd the Victor ſlain;
But all our Hopes, and all our Thanks were vain:
Free from the Guilt of any Hoſtile Wound
Alive he lay, and dreadful on the Ground.

As when a Lion in the Toils is caſt,
That uncontroll'd had laid the Country waſte,
Th' inſulting Hinds ſurround him, who before
Fled from his Haunts, and trembled at his Roar;
So round beſet the mighty *Briton* lyes,
And vulgar Foes attempt the Glorious Prize.
'Till freſh Battalions to his Succour brought,
Contending Armies for the Hero fought;

The wanted Steed ſome friendly Hand prepar'd,
And met a fatal, but a great, Reward:
A glorious Death; of his lov'd Lord bereft,
The Pious Office unperform'd he left.

The Reſcu'd Chief, by the paſt Danger warm'd,
Our weaken'd *Houſhold* with new Fury ſtorm'd:

While

While all around to our admiring Eyes
Freſh Foes, and undiſcover'd Squadrons, riſe.
The boaſted Guards that ſpred your Name ſo far,
And turn'd where-e'er they fought the doubtful War,
With Heaps of Slaughter ſtrow'd the Fatal Plain,
And did a Thouſand Glorious Things in vain;
Broke with unequal Force ſuch Numbers die,
That I my ſelf rejoic'd to ſee them fly.
But oh! how Few preſerv'd themſelves by Flight?
Or found a Shelter from th'approaching Night?
Thouſands fall undiſtinguiſh'd in the Dark,
And Five whole Leagues with wide Deſtruction mark.

Scarce at *Ramillia* did the Slaughter end,
When the ſwift Victor had approach'd *Oſtend*;
Took in whole States and Countries in his Way,
Bruſſels, nor *Ghent*, nor *Antwerp* gain'd a Day;
Within the Compaſs of one Circling Moon,
The *Lis*, the *Demer*, and the *Scheld*, his own.
What in the Foe's, and what in *William*'s Hand,
Did for an Age the Power of *France* withſtand;
Tho' each Campaign ſhe crowded Nations drain'd,
And the fat Soil with Blood of Thouſands ſtain'd;

Thoſe Forts and Provinces does MARLBRÔ gain
In twice three Suns, and not a Soldier ſlain;
None can ſuſpend the Fortune of their Town,
But who their Harveſt and their Country drown;
Compell'd to call (his Valour to Evade)
The leſs deſtructive Ocean to their Aid.

Oh! were our Loſs to *Flandria*'s Plains confin'd!
But what a Train of Ills are ſtill behind?
Beyond the *Adige Vendôme* feels the Blow,
And *Villars* now retires without a Foe.
The Fate of *Flanders* ſpreads in *Spain* the Flame,
And their new Monarch robs of half his Fame;
But *France* ſhall hear, in ſome late diſtant Reign,
An unborn *Lewis* curſe *Ramillia*'s Plain.

Whither, oh! whither ſhall *Bavaria* run?
Or where himſelf, or where the Victor ſhun?
Shall I no more with vain Ambition roam,
But my own Subjects rule in Peace at home?
Thence an abandon'd Fugitive I'm driv'n,
Like the firſt guilty Man by angry Heav'n
From his bleſs'd Manſions, where th'avenging Lord
Still guards the Paſſage with a brandiſh'd Sword.

Or ſhall I to *Brabantia*'s Courts retire,
And reign o'er diſtant Provinces for Hire?
Shall I with borrow'd Government diſpenſe,
A Royal Servant and Another's Prince?
Theſe Countries too (oh my hard Fate!) are loſt,
And I am baniſh'd from a Foreign Coaſt;
Now may I fight ſecure of future Toils,
Of no New Countries a Third Battel ſpoils.

Oh, *Tallard!* once I did thy Chains deplore,
But envy now the Fate I mourn'd before;
By Bondage bleſs'd, protected by the Foe,
You live contented with One Overthrow;
Her Captive, *Britain*, kindly kept away
From the Diſgrace of the Laſt Fatal Day.

How does my Fall the haughty Victor raiſe,
And join divided Nations in his Praiſe;
Grateful *Germania* unknown Titles frames,
And CHURCHILL writes amongſt her Sov'raign Names.
Part of her States obey a *Britiſh* Lord,
Small Part! of the Great Empire he reſtor'd.
From the proud *Spaniard* he extorts Applauſe,
And Rivals with the *Dutch* their Great *Naſſau*'s.

In ev'ry Language are his Battels known,
The *Swede* and *Pole* for his, deſpiſe their own.
A Thouſand Sects in him their Safety place,
And our Own Saints are thank'd for our Diſgrace.
England alone, and that ſome Pleaſure gives,
Envies her ſelf the Bleſſings ſhe receives.

My Grief each Place renews where-e'er I go,
And ev'ry Art contributes to my Woe;
Ramillia's Plain each Painter's Pencil yields,
Bavaria flies in all their Canvas Fields:
On me, young Poets their rude Lays indite,
And on my Sorrows practiſe how to write;
I in their Scenes with borrow'd Paſſion rage,
And act a ſhameful Part on ev'ry Stage.

In *Flandria* will the Tale be ever told,
Nor will it grow, with ever telling, old:
The Liſping Infants will their MARLBRÔ raiſe,
And their new Speech grow plainer in his Praiſe;
His Story will employ their middle Years,
And in their lateſt Age recall their Fears,
While to their Children's Children they relate
The Buſineſs of a Day, their Country's Fate:

Then lead them forth, their Thoughts to entertain,
And ſhew the wond'ring Youth *Ramillia*'s Plain;
'Twas here they fought, the *Houſhold* fled that Way,
And this the Spot where MARLBRÔ proſtrate lay.

Here they, perhaps, ſhall add *Bavaria*'s Name,
Cenſure his Courage, and his Conduct blame:
'Tis falſe, 'tis falſe, I did not baſely yield,
I left indeed, but left a bloody Field:
Believe not, Future Ages, ne'er believe
The vile Aſperſions which theſe Wretches give;
If you too far my injur'd Honour try,
Take heed, my Ghoſt, it will, it ſhall, be nigh,
Riſe in his Face, and give the Slave the Lie.

Why ſhould the Stars thus on *Britannia* ſmile,
And Partial Bleſſings crown the Fav'rite Iſle?
Holland does Her for their Great Founder own;
Britannia gave to *Portugal* a Crown:
Twice by her Queens does proud *Iberia* fall;
Her *Edwards* and her *Henrys* conquer'd *Gaul*:
The *Swede* her Arms from late Oppreſſion freed,
And if he dares Oppreſs, will Curb the *Swede*.

She, from her ſelf, decides her Neighbours Fates,
Reſcues by turns, by turns ſubdues their States;
In the wide Globe no Part could Nature ſtretch
Beyond her Arms, and out of *Britain*'s Reach:
Who fear'd, ſhe e'er could have *Bavaria* ſeen?
Such Realms, and Kingdoms, Hills, and Seas between?
Yet there,---Oh ſad Remembrance of my Woe!
Diſtant *Bavaria* does her Triumphs ſhow.
Proud State! muſt *Europe* lye at thy Command,
No Prince without thee Riſe, without thee Stand!
What Share? what Part is thine of all the Spoil?
Thine only is the Hazard and the Toil.
An Empire thou haſt ſav'd and all its States,
Iberia's Realms have felt ſeverer Fates:
What wou'dſt thou more? ſtill do thy Arms advance?
Heav'n knows what Doom thou haſt reſerv'd for *France!*

From whoſe Wiſe Care does all the Treaſure riſe,
That ſlaughter'd Hoſts and ſhatter'd Fleets ſupplies?
From whence ſuch boundleſs Conqueſt does ſhe reap,
Purchas'd with all her boaſted Millions cheap?

Oh bleſs'd! oh envy'd QUEEN! that does command
At ſuch a Time, in ſuch a happy Land;

Great

Great in Her Armies and Her pow'rful Fleet!
Great in Her Treaſures! in Her Triumphs Great!
But Greater ſtill! and what we Envy moſt,
That can a MARLBRÔ for Her Subject boaſt!

Oh, *Gallia!* from what Splendors art thou hurl'd?
The Terror once of all the Weſtern World;
Thy ſpreading Map each Year did larger grow,
New Mountains ſtill did riſe, new Rivers flow;
But now ſurrounded by thy ancient Mounds,
Doſt Inward ſhrink from thy New-conquer'd Bounds.
Why did not Nature, far from MARLBRÔ's Worth,
In Diſtant Ages bring her *Louis* forth?
Each uncontroll'd had conquer'd Worlds Alone,
Happy! for *Europe*, they Together ſhone.

Ceaſe! *Louis*, ceaſe! from Wars and Slaughter ceaſe!
Oh! Sue at laſt, 'tis time to Sue, for Peace!
Urge not too far your Twice unhappy Fate,
Nor MARLBRÔ's ſtronger Arm confeſs too late:
Who never Camps or rough Encounters ſaw,
Can no juſt Image of the Hero draw:

He muſt, alas! that MARLBRÔ truly knows,
Face him in Battel, and whole Armies loſe;
Believe me, Sir, on my unwilling Breaſt,
Fate has his Virtues one by one Impreſt:
With what a Force our *Schellemberg* he ſtorm'd?
And *Bleinheim*'s Battel with what Conduct form'd?
How Great his Vigilance; how Quick his Thought;
What his Contempt of Death, *Ramillia* taught.
Theſe Nature cool for Peace and Counſel forms,
For Battel thoſe with Rage and Fury warms;
But to Her Fav'rite *Briton* does impart
The Cooleſt Head at once and Warmeſt Heart;
So does *Sicilia*'s lofty Mountain ſhow
Flames in her Boſom, on her Head the Snow.

My Youth with flatt'ring Smiles did Fortune Crown,
The more ſeverely on my Age to Frown?
Of Pleaſure's endleſs Store I drank my Fill,
Officious Nature waited on my Will;
The *Auſtrian* Reſcu'd, and the *Turk* O'erthrown,
Europe and *Aſia* fill'd with my Renown:
Blaſted are all my Glories and my Fame,
Loſt is my Country and Illuſtrious Name;

The Titles from their preſent Lord are torn,
Which my Great Anceſtors ſo long had born;
No Native Honours ſhall my Off-ſpring grace,
The laſt Elector with a Num'rous Race.
Half my unhappy Subjects loſt by Wars,
The reſt for a worſe Fate the Victor ſpares:
Were they for this Entruſted to my Care?
This the Reward the Brave, the Faithful ſhare?
My Sons lament, in diſtant Dungeons thrown,
Unacted Crimes, and Follies not their own;
But oh! my Conſort!---- my o'er-flowing Eyes
Guſh forth with Tears, and all my Sorrows riſe,
While the Dear tender Exile I bemoan;
Oh Royal Bride! oh Daughter of a Throne!
Not thus I promis'd when I ſought thy Bed,
Thou didſt the Brave, the Great *Bavaria* Wed:
Curſt be Ambition! curſt the Thirſt of Pow'r!
And curſt that once lov'd Title Emperour!

Excuſe, Great SIR, the Ravings of a Mind,
That can ſo juſt a Cauſe for Sorrow find;

My

My Words too rudely may a Monarch greet,
For oh! was ever Grief like mine diſcreet!
No Suff'rings ſhall my Firm Alliance End,
An Unſucceſsful, but a Faithful Friend.

TO

TO THE

DUKE

OF

MARLBOROUGH.

PArdon, Great DUKE, if *Britain*'s Stile delights;
Or if th'Imperial Title more invites,
Pardon, Great PRINCE, the Failings of a Muſe,
That dares not hope for more than Your Excuſe,
Forc'd at a Diſtance to attempt Your Praiſe,
And Sing Your Victories in Mournful Lays,
To caſt in Shadows, and allay the Light,
That Wounds, with nearer Rays, the dazled Sight,

Nor durſt in a direct and open Strain
Such Acts, with her unhallow'd Notes, prophane:
In tow'ring Verſe let meaner Heroes grow,
And to Elab'rate Lines their Greatneſs owe;
Your Actions, own'd by ev'ry Nation, want
Praiſes, no greater than a Foe may grant.

Oh! when ſhall *Europe*, by her MARLBRÔ's Sword,
To laſting Peace and Liberty reſtor'd,
Allow her weary Champion a Retreat,
To his lov'd Country and his riſing Seat?

Where your ſoft Part'ner, far from Martial Noiſe,
Your Cares ſhall ſweeten with Domeſtick Joys:
Your Conqueſts ſhe with doubtful Pleaſure hears,
And in the midſt of ev'ry Triumph fears;
Betwixt her Queen and You divides her Life,
A Friend Obſequious, and a Faithful Wife.

Hail *Woodſtock!* Hail ye Celebrated Glades!
Grow faſt ye Woods, and flouriſh thick ye Shades!
Ye riſing Tow'rs for your new Lord prepare,
Like your old *Henry* come from *Gallia*'s War.

The Gen'ral's Arms as far the King's o'erpow'r,
As this new Structure does ſurpaſs the Bow'r.

The Pleaſing Proſpects and Romantick Site,
The Spacious Compaſs, and the Stately Height;
The painted Gardens, in their flow'ry Prime,
Demand whole Volumes of Immortal Rhime,
And if the Muſe would ſecond the Deſign,
Mean, as they are, ſhould in my Numbers ſhine.
There live, the Joy and Wonder of our Iſles,
Happy in *Albion*'s Love and *ANNA*'s Smiles.

While from the Godlike Race of CHURCHILL born,
Four beauteous *Roſamonds* this Bow'r adorn,
Who with the ancient Syren of the Place,
In Charms might vie and ev'ry blooming Grace;
But bleſs'd with equal Virtues had ſhe been,
Like them ſhe had been Favour'd by the QUEEN,
Whom your high Merit, and their own, prefers
To all the worthieſt Beds of *England*'s Peers.

Thus the Great Eagle, when Heav'n's Wars are o'er,
And the loud Thunder has forgot to rore,

Jove's Fires laid by, with thoſe of *Venus* burns,
To his forſaken Mate and Shades returns;
On ſome proud Tree, more Sacred than the reſt,
With curious Art he Builds his ſpacious Neſt;
In the warm Sun lyes Basking all the Day,
While round their Sire the gen'rous Eaglets play;
Their Sire, well-pleas'd to ſee the Noble Brood,
Fill all the Loftieſt Cedars of the Wood.

FINIS.